TIS TOTES



2. Anthemis

The Souls Congings

"Come unto Him".

7 . . .

This torrows seek my spirite overthrow.

I hear they word, + would obey they will,
But would the power that might perform tydie
I know the good, + fain would leave the ill,
and from the sorrow that dothe sin ensue.

And yet I fall into that depthe of sin that makes me fear the judgement of the weather hutit they grace dotte all my help beging To know what comfort failts in mercy hatte.

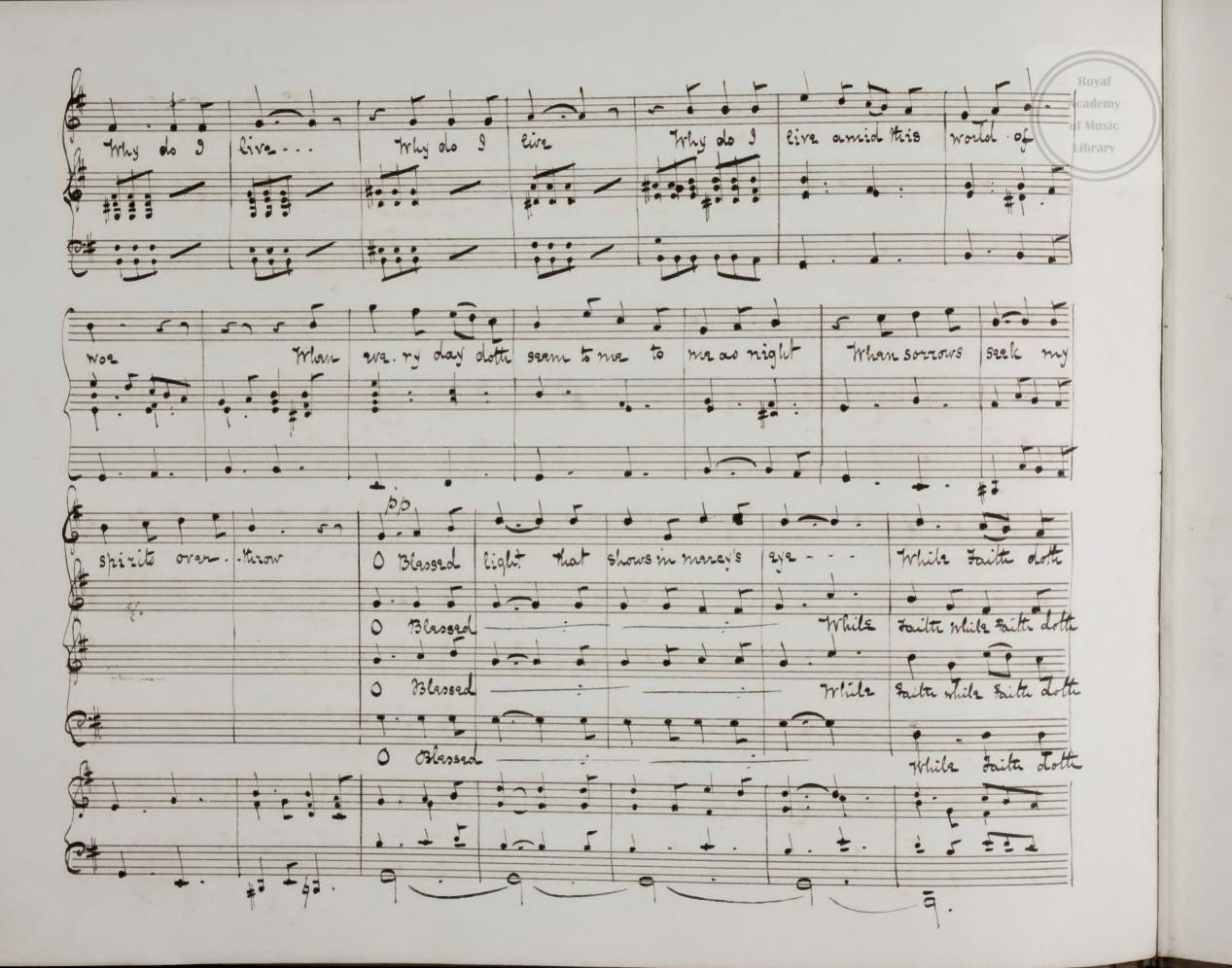
O Blessed Light Hat shows in merey's eye! While faithe dotte live, that love can never die.

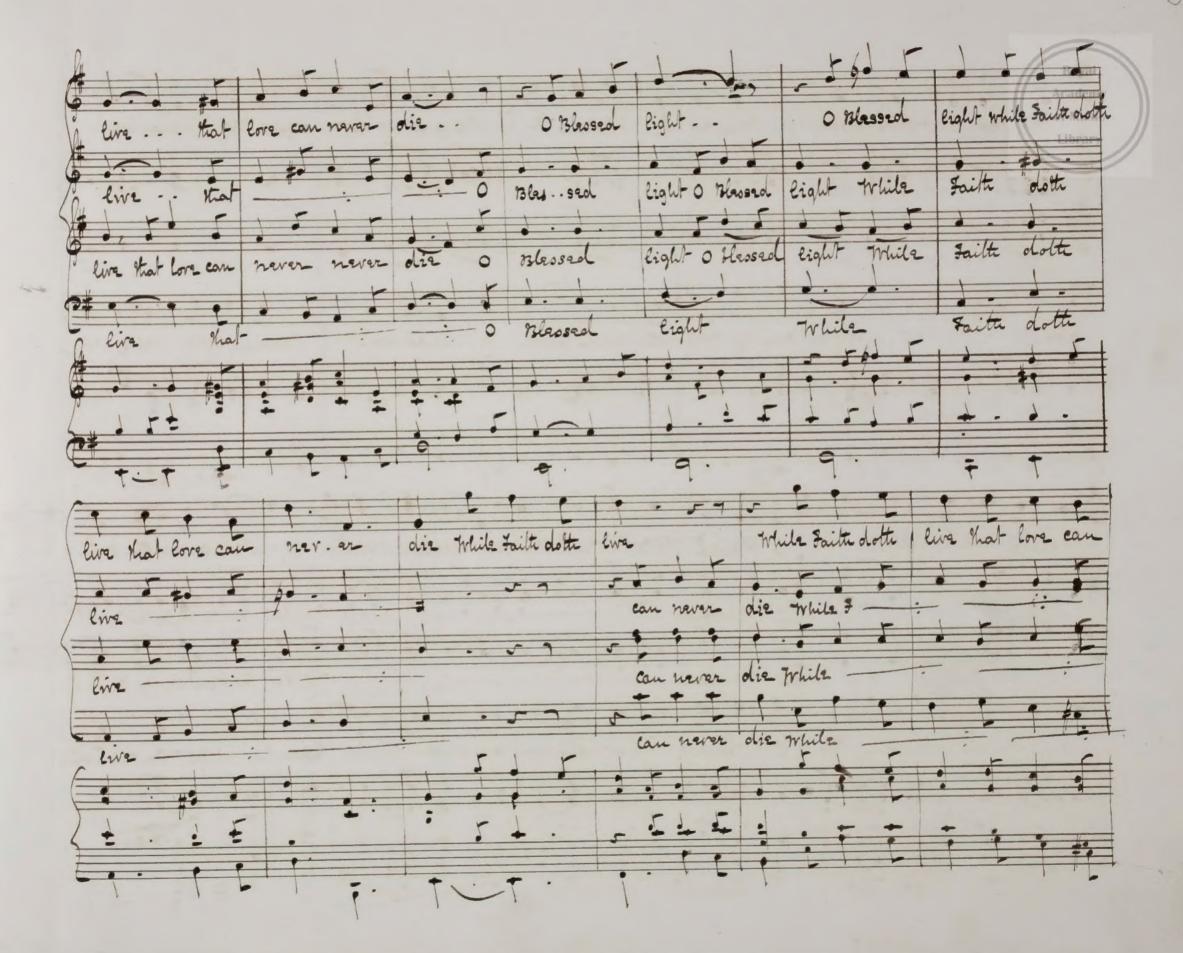
Sir Micholas Braton

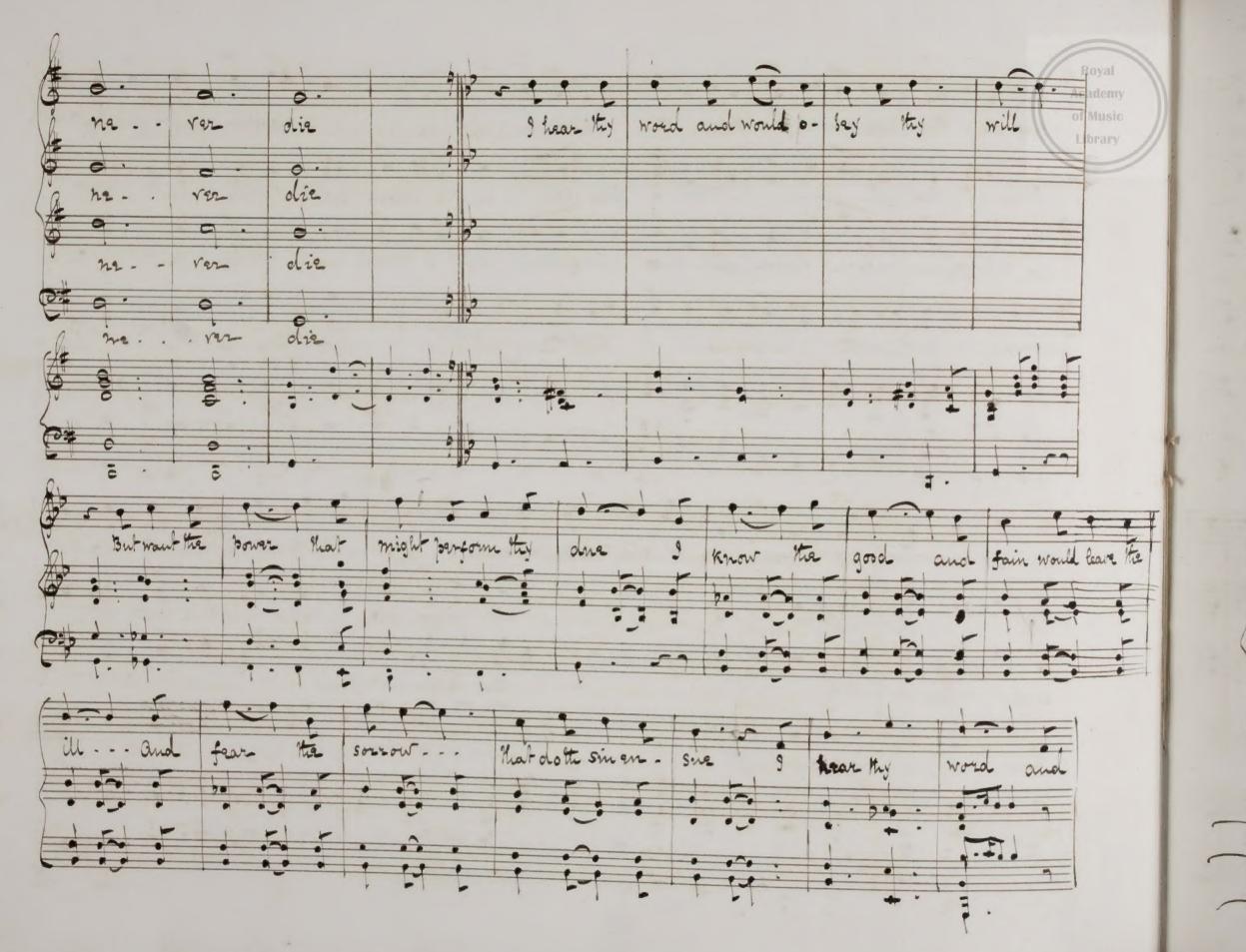
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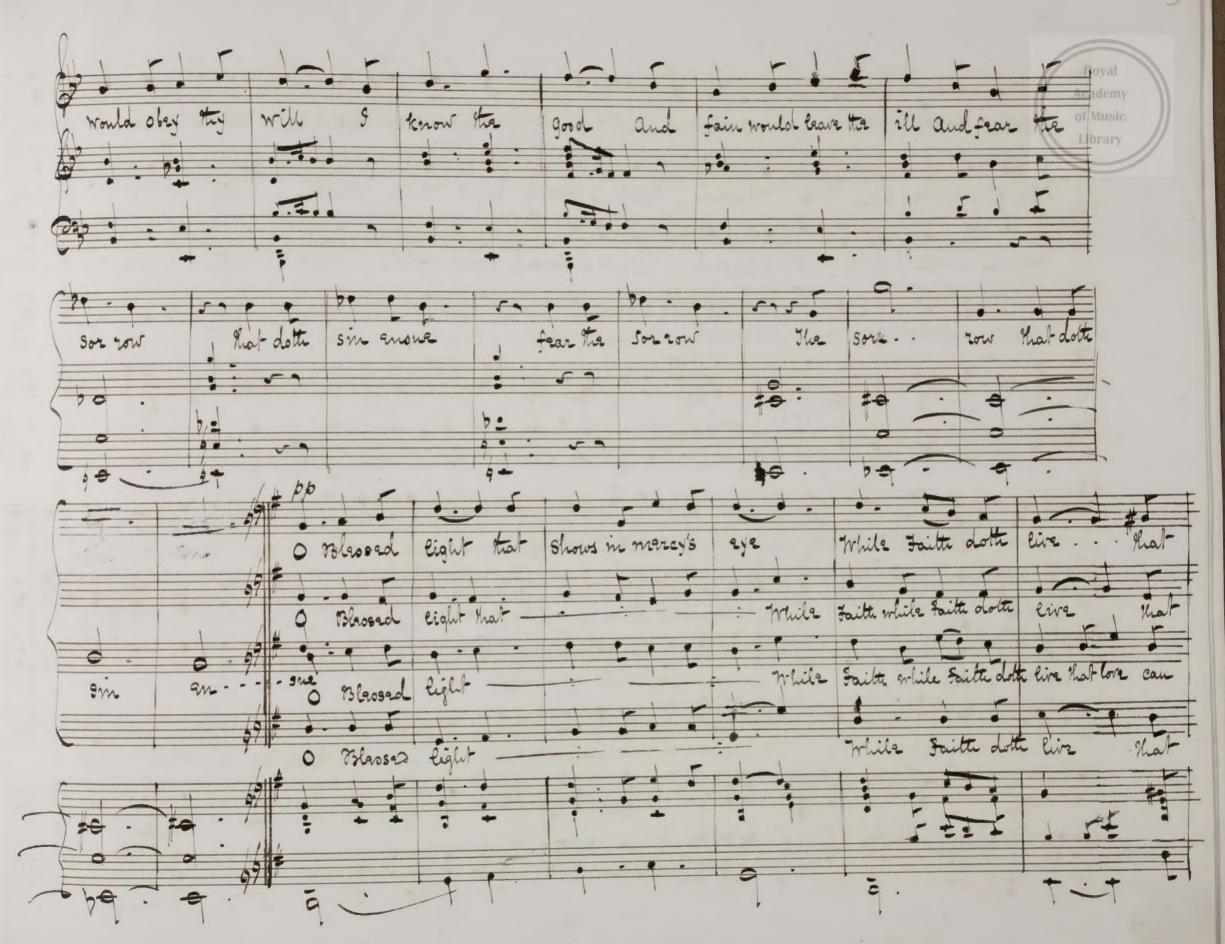
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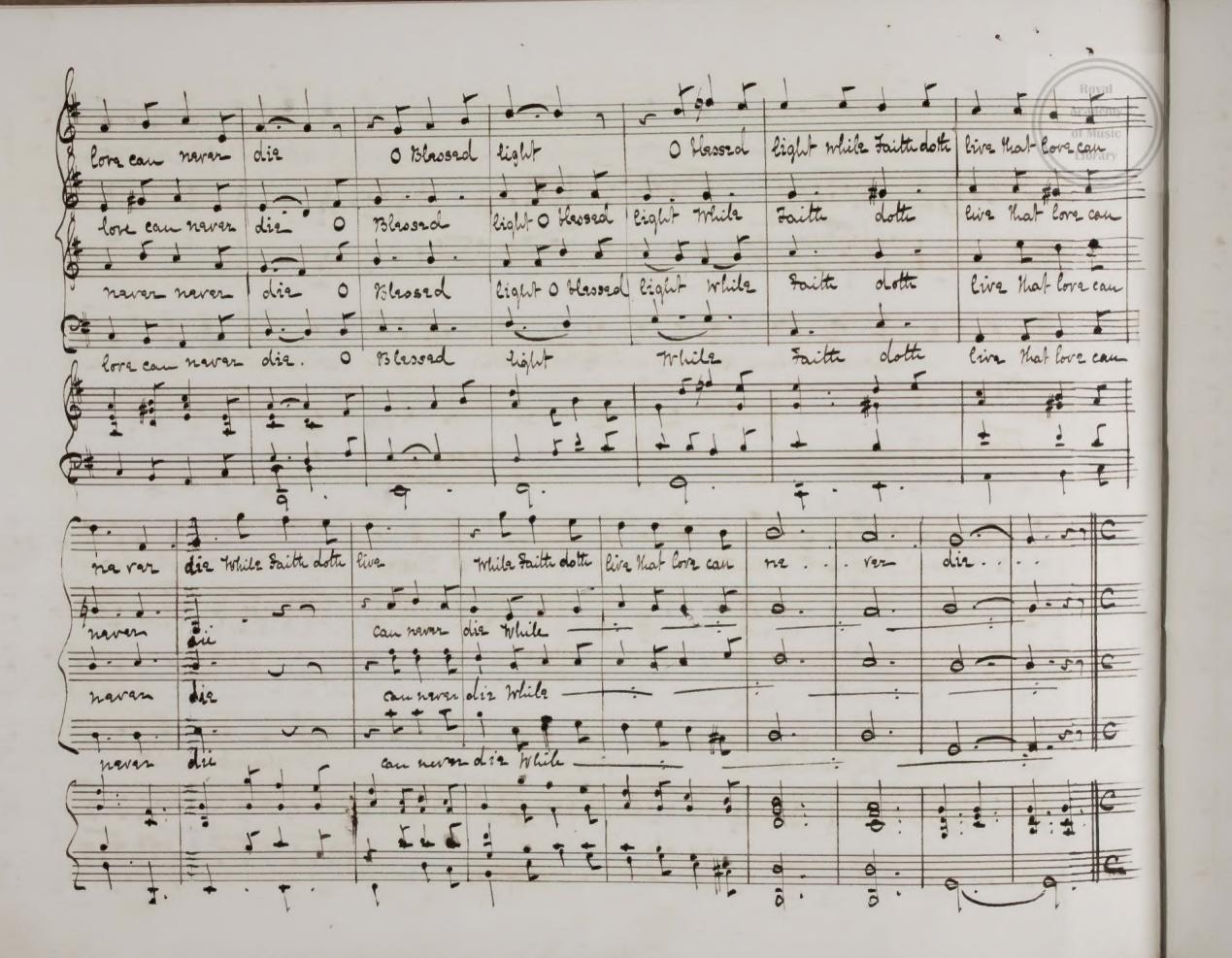
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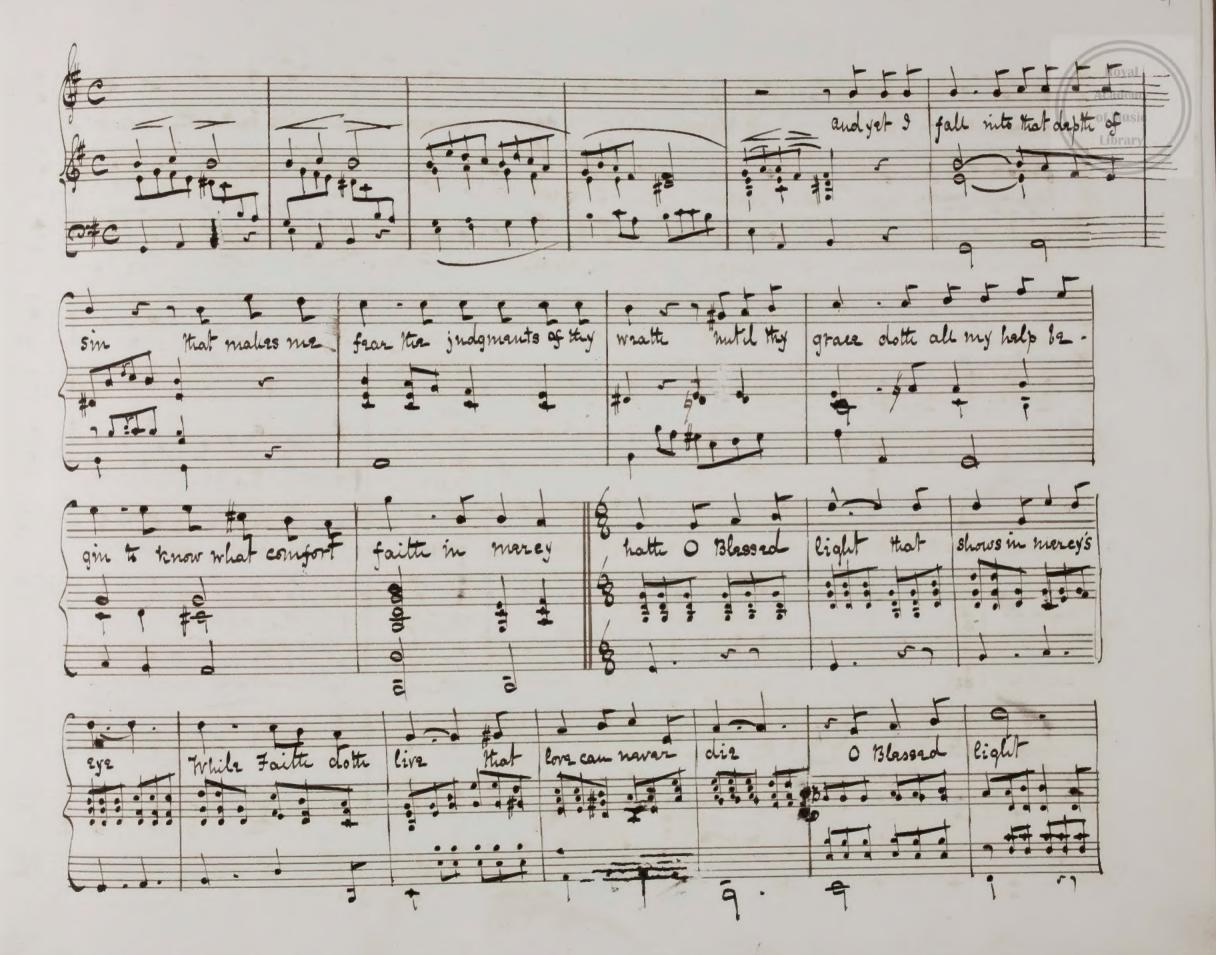
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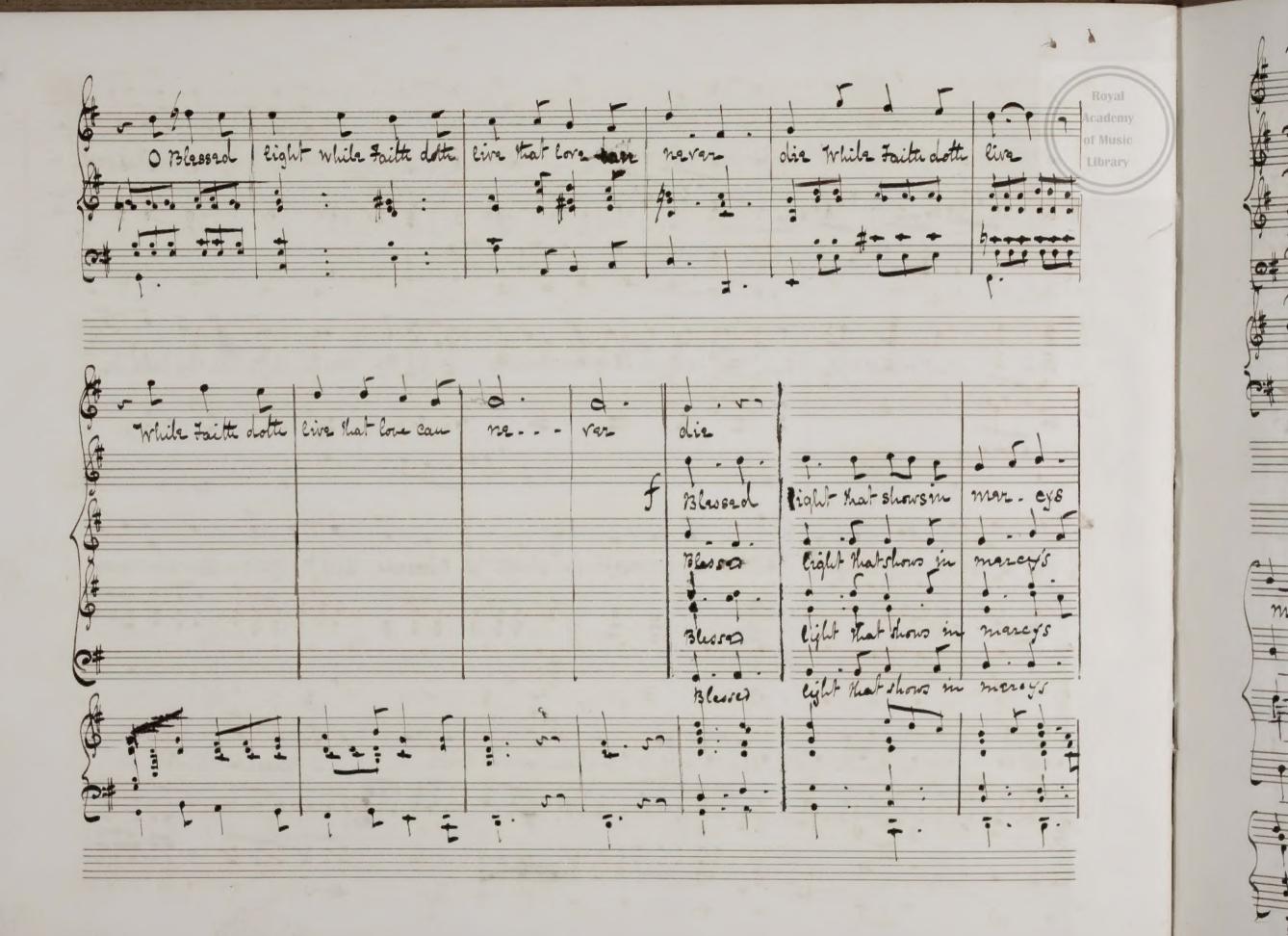
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